5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

fer in certain particulars, especially in the explanations of certain features of the ceremony. 223

Wolf Calf's account of this ceremony is as follows:— [115]

"A man who started out to catch eagles moved his lodge and his family away from the main camp, to some place where the birds were abundant. A spot was chosen on top of a mound or butte within a few miles of his lodge, and here he dug a pit in the ground as long as his body and somewhat deeper. The earth removed was carried away to a distance, and scattered about so as to make no show. When the pit had been made large enough, it was roofed over with small willow sticks, on which grass was scattered, and over the grass a little earth and stones were laid, so as to give the place a natural look, like the prairie all about it.

"The bait was a piece of bloody neck of a buffalo. This, of course, could be seen a long way off, and by the meat a stuffed wolf skin was often placed, standing up, as if the animal were eating. To the piece of neck was tied a rope, which passed down through the roof of the pit and was held in the watcher's hand.

"After all had been made ready, the next day the man [782] rose very early, before it was light, and, after smoking and [784] praying, left his camp, telling his wives and children not to use an awl while he was gone. He endeavored to reach the [769] pit early in the morning, before it became light, and lay down [789] in it, taking with him a slender stick about six feet long, a human skull, and a little pemmican. Then he waited.

"When the morning came, and the eagles were flying, one of them would see the meat and descend to take it away from the wolf. Finding it held fast by the rope, the bird began to feed on it; and while it was pecking at the bait, the watcher seized it by the legs, and drew it into the pit, where he killed it, either by twisting its neck, or by crushing it with his knees. Then he laid it to one side, first opening [789]

223 the bill and putting a little piece of pemmican in its mouth.
[789] This was done to make the other eagles hungry. While he was in the pit, the man neither ate, drank, nor slept. He had a sleeping-place not far off, to which he repaired each night after dark, and there he ate and drank.

[769] "The reason for taking the skull into the hole with the catcher was, in part, for his protection. It was believed
[751] that the ghost of the person to whom the skull had belonged would protect the watcher against harm from the eagle, and besides that, the skull, or ghost, would make the watcher invisible, like a ghost. The eagle would not see him.

"The stick was used to poke or drive away smaller birds, such as magpies, crows, and ravens, which might alight on the roof of the pit, and try to feed on the bait. It was used, also, to drive away the white-headed eagle, which they did not care to catch. These are powerful birds; they could almost kill a person.

784 "There are two sacred things connected with the catch-
223 ing of eagles, — two things which must be observed if the eagle-catcher is to have good luck. The man who is watching must not eat rosebuds. If he does, the eagle, when he comes down and alights by the bait, will begin to scratch himself and will not attack the bait. The rosebuds will make him itch. Neither the man nor his wife must use an awl while he is absent from his lodge, and is trying to catch
[751] the birds. If this is done, the eagles will scratch the catcher. Sometimes one man would catch a great many eagles."

223 In his day, John Monroe was a famous eagle-catcher, and
[115] he has given me the following account of the method as he has practised it. The pit is dug, six feet long, three wide, and four deep, on top of the highest knoll that can be found near a stream. The earth taken out is carried a long way off. Over the pit they put two long poles, one on each side, running lengthwise of the pit, and other smaller sticks are laid across, resting on the poles. The smaller sticks are

223 takes his eagles, and goes home. He carries the birds to a
782 special lodge, prepared outside of the camp, which is called the eagles' lodge. He places them on the ground in a row, and raises their heads, resting them on a stick laid in front of the row. In the mouth of each one is put a piece of pemmican, so that they may not be afraid of the people. The object of feeding the eagles is that their spirits may tell other eagles how they are being treated — that they are
[769] being fed by the people. In the lodge is a human skull, and they pray to it, asking the ghost to help them get the eagles.

223 It is said that in one pit, once, forty eagles were killed in
435 a day. The larger hawks were caught, as well as eagles, though the latter were the most highly valued. Five eagles
[171] used to be worth a good horse, a valuation which shows that, in the Blackfoot country, eagles were more plenty, or horses more valuable, than farther south, where, in old times, two eagles would purchase a horse.

Other Game

224 They had no special means of capturing deer in any numbers. These were usually killed singly. The hunters used to creep up on elk and deer in the brush, and when they had come close to them, they could drive even their stone-pointed arrows deep in the flesh. Often their game was killed dead on the spot, but if not, they left it alone until the next day, when, on going back to the place, it was usually found near by, either dead or so desperately wounded that they could secure it.

Deadfalls were used to catch wolves, foxes, and other fur animals, and small apertures in the pis'kun walls were provided with nooses and snares for the same purpose.

Another way to catch wolves and coyotes was to set heavy stakes in the ground in a circle, about the carcasses

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Dance for the Spirits of the Dead.

This ceremony is often spoken of as a ghost dance but seems to be an ancient cult. The idea was to make a dance for the dead to which their spirits were invited. At one stage of the ceremony a herald goes outside to invite the spirits, beginning his announcement by he-e-e, repeated four times. He must not, however, call any ghost by name. The dance seems to be founded upon an incident in the Blood-clot myth,[1] when the hero organized a dance in the stomach of the monster. "When he got into the stomach of the fish, he saw a great many people. Many of them were dead, but some were still alive. He said to the people, 'Ah, there must be a heart somewhere here. We will have a dance.' So he painted his face white, his eyes and mouth with black circles, and tied a white rock knife on his head, so that the point stuck up. Some rattles made of hoofs were also brought. Then the people started in to dance. For a while Blood-clot sat making wing-motions with his hands, and singing songs. Then he stood up and danced, jumping up and down until the knife on his head struck the heart."

The curious idea seems to prevail that the dance is also for those near death or about to become ghosts and that these Blood-clot directed to at least move their heads in unison with the dancers.

The following are two independent narratives of origin myths for the ceremony:—

(a)

A man once pitched his camp far from any others. He had a wife and little boy. After he had been there some time, his wife died. He stayed with her in the tipi for four days and then decided to go away. He took the boy, but before he had gone very far, he heard a voice say, "Go back and stay with your wife. We will help you bring her to life again."

He didn't see who it was that spoke but returned. That night he lay in his tipi and heard people singing and dancing but could see no one. The people he heard dancing were ghosts. They said, "We will dance four nights and restore life to your wife." The man stayed four nights and each night heard the dancers when awake, and saw them in his dreams. After the fourth night his wife lived again. The ghosts gave him the dance and when he returned to his people, he taught them the dance which is still held.

(b)

One time, when a war party was returning after a long journey, one of the members of the party died. His companions made a lodge of brush and trees and left him there. A ghost came to where the man lay and pitied him, invited a number of

[1] Vol. 2, 56.

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

794 769 773 173 539 ghosts to the place and said, "Let us all have a dance for four nights and restore this man's life to him." They agreed, and after four nights, the man came to life again and saw the ghosts, how they painted their faces, and how they dressed. One of the ghosts said to him, "We will give you this dance. When anyone is sick or about to die, have a dance, and he will recover." The man returned to his home. After some time someone was very ill. This man gave the ghost dance, and taught it to the people.

794 769 302 The dancers paint to represent skeletons, so it is said. The face and exposed parts of the body are painted white, while around the mouth and each eye is a bold circle of black or red. The effect is quite hideous.

794 769 778 237 824 531 276 532

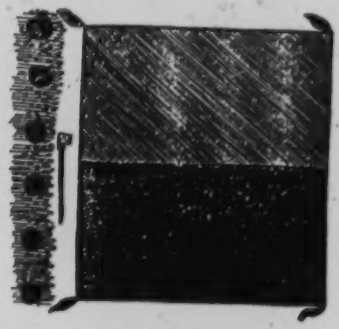

Fig. 28. Smudge Altar for the Ghost Dance. Drawn by Big-brave. The altar is about one foot square, the north half red, the south half black. Red and black plumes respectively are stuck up at the corners. At the west is a row of buffalo chips covered with sage grass. Between these and the altar lies the pipe used in the ceremony. Sweetgrass is used on the altar and the tongs should lie on the north side.

794 769 [292] There are no particular regalia except a plume on the head, nor are there any bundles. The ceremony has, however, its own peculiar ritual and songs. Women dance with the men.

[796] A dance rarely occurs unless some man makes a vow or formal pledge to provide a feast and dance for the dead in return for some expected or realized 794 769 796 535 good fortune. At the ceremony his wife sits near the door and takes the name of Yellow-woman. She paints her hair yellow and her face red with a yellow band across the forehead. On her head, she wears a plume. A great abundance of food is expected.

[789] [302] [778] The smudge altar is a large oval with the incense hearth at one end. At the other is placed a small pipe and four plumes. According to Big-brave the altar was square, Fig. 28. One member is delegated to attend to

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

the pipe. At the close of each dance he fills the pipe and hands it to the leader after which it circulates. As soon as it is burned out the dancing is resumed. There are four periods of dancing. The evolutions consist of dancing, alternately facing the fire and the walls, twice for each. Then all sit down, save the leader who takes the pipe and prays. Then he sits down and smokes. In starting a dance all rise to their knees, making movements as in playing the stick game, where with four movements they rise to their feet. 794 769 796 535

During the ceremonies no one must laugh nor must anyone spit. No dead person should be designated by name. [784] [551]

A special ceremony was sometimes given by two members. They did not use the regular painting but dressed in fine clothes and danced with ropes and whips. This was believed to bring good luck in capturing horses. [789]

The All-Smoking Ceremony.

We come now to a ceremony that goes by the name kanochisisin, or all-smoking ceremony. It is not clear whether this is a cult or simply a group ceremony like the sun dance. The right to lead in the proceedings seems to be owned by one individual and may be transferred like other ritualistic things. Thus it is said, "If the man who leads in the ceremony is pleased with the presents he receives, he may transfer the right to lead to one pledging the ceremony." 794 [424] [432]

The distinguishing feature of the ceremony is that it is a kind of medicine coup counting. Like warriors recounting their deeds, those present are called upon to count over the different medicine rituals they have owned and all fired with new enthusiasm to secure more. In conformity to a vow or formal pledge a man will invite people to his tipi for an evening feast. He will engage a man with the right to lead to conduct the all-smoking ceremony. He will have ready a pot of tongues and berry soup; also a quantity of tobacco cut and mixed. The meeting is to last until this is used up. Each guest is called upon in turn to sing songs from one of the rituals of medicines owned by him. So they pass around in order. The process is thus a kind of counting out in that the last men are those who have owned the most medicines. [554] 794 796 554

The following account was secured by Mr. Duvall:—

When a man vows to give the all-smoking ceremony he invites many men to his tipi and calls upon someone who has the privilege to lead the ceremony. A fee is paid in blankets or clothing. First the man giving the feast makes a soup of tongues, cherries, and blood. Before the tongues are cut up by the women, prayers are said 794 796 [782]

but were prevented by the government from placing the bodies on scaffolds or in trees. 766 [177]

According to tradition, the Spirits of our People go to a place called the Sandhills after the person's body dies. Good, bad, or indifferent as the person was when physically alive, so will the Spirit go on forever in the Sandhills. A deceased person's most cherished possessions were usually placed with the body, so that their Spirits could continue to be together. The same was true of a man's favorite horse. It was often shot by his grave. Favorite horses that were not killed often died of starvation while mourning the loss of their master. 775 [764] [231]

It is thought to take some time for a person's Spirit to leave the body completely and go on to the Sandhills. For that reason, a person would sometimes be brought back from death if he had unusual spiritual powers and had instructed a close friend or relative how to recall them. For the same reason, few people would touch a dead person or go near his burial ground, especially at night. It is said that a dead person's Spirit, or ghost, often tries to persuade others to accompany it. Widows who commit suicide by their husbands' graves are said to have been persuaded to join them on their way to the Sandhills. At the Sandhills it is said that life goes on much like here, only in Spirit. The Old Way of life is the one that goes on, of course. [761] [762]

Some of our People have slept by old graves in search of Power from the Spirits who may be there. I was once inspired to seek such Power. In my dream I was visited by a skeleton-man in a 769 787 123

CONTINUED ON PAGE 228-A]
[p. 228-A]

buckskin suit who suggested that I find my Power among living Spirits, not among those of the dead. The dream lasted for some time and convinced me that graves should be left in peace. Unfortunately, some people do not feel this way. They don't even have respect for the dead person's cherished belongings. 769 787 123

The place where I slept was the resting place of a large family that had passed away during an epidemic more than fifty years ago. Their coffins were inside two small cabins. Several ancient trunks and bedsteads were among the many belongings that rested between and under the stacks of coffins. Parts of skeletons, old clothing, and beads were scattered everywhere. Years ago, one of our mercenary people guided white collectors to the place, and they made off with guns, pipes, and large pieces of beadwork. In recent years, others have come and searched carefully for smaller, more valuable items. Some of these have ended up in various museums. The bone hunters came next, first carrying off all the skulls, then picking out other bones. Since my visit, someone made a final, insulting search, during which all the remaining contents of the cabins were tossed out the door. The responsible individuals could probably tell us some interesting stories about their encounters with the Spirits of those buried people. 764 177

I learned a few more things during my walk that night. For instance, rocks that lie unseen on the dark prairie are quite a hazard to moccasin-covered feet. Nor is it much fun to step into one of the many holes that lead down to the homes of foxes and badgers. In the Old Days, such holes brought tragedies to men, horses, and buffalo. A concentration of such holes is sometimes a warning for another danger on the nighttime prairie—silent cutbanks with drop-offs of a hundred feet or more into dark river bottoms. I also met a modern, silent danger our Old People didn't have to worry about—barbed-wire fences. 123 [164]

As I neared home, I wondered how it would be to steal up to an enemy camp and raid a horse

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

721 778 Not long after making the vow, Bear Head, his brother Mad Wolf, and Skunk Cap joined a war party going to the far south to raid the horse herds of the Mexicans. In a fight that the party had down there with the Many Bracelets people (the Navajos), Bear [764] Head was mortally wounded. Before he died, his grieving brother [782] promised him that he would bury him with all of his possessions and, in the following summer, come back for the sacred bow-case and himself sacrifice it to Sun for the good of the tribe. So poor Bear Head died, and with some difficulty the party got his body and belongings up into a house of the ancient and vanished Cliff Dwellers and came home with the horses that they had taken from the Mexicans. Soon thereafter Skunk Cap left the Pikunis to go we knew not where.

Came spring again, the spring of 1846, and from some friendly Gros Ventres visiting in our camp we learned that Skunk Cap had wintered with their tribe and had recently gone on to the Cutthroats (Assiniboines) to organize a war party of them to raid the Mexicans —the Gros Ventres being against going that far on raids.

Cried Mad Wolf upon hearing this: "Ha! Raid the Mexicans, that cowardly Skunk Cap. No! He is southward going to steal my brave, dead brother's sacred otter bow-case. We must be off at once, get there first, or he will do it." And that got our medicine man and wise warrior, *Pinukwiim*, to organize a war party to hurry south to prevent the theft. This was a war party that I was glad to join for I wanted to see the far-south country and its strange tribes.

Some fights we had down there, some men we lost, and at last made camp one evening at the mouth of the canyon in which poor [769] Bear Head's body lay. Not for anything, not for one hundred head of horses would any of our companions have gone up to that place of the dead, so, just before dawn, Mad Wolf and I set out to get the sacred bow-case, should it still be there.

It was very dark in the narrow, high-walled canyon. We stole up it until opposite the great cave and its many ancient houses, and waited until dawn to see our way up into it. Then, climbing the narrow and dangerous trail, we heard the echoing thuds of falling rocks and sensed that there was someone in the cave. So there was. Skunk

will be recognized by giveaways. Finally, death is memorialized by giveaways. 000

Representative giveaways observed between 1972 and 1975 in Montana, Alberta and Saskatchewan are described below: B C 101

I. Giveaway for the late S— A— (South Piegan, Blackfeet Reservation), a young man known as an excellent Indian dancer. The giveaway was held at the annual tribal powwow. B 431 554 796

2:25 p.m. Honoring dance for the late S— A— announced by the master of ceremonies over the loudspeaker at the powwow arena.

2:35 The Young Grey Horse Society drum comes into the arena. (About half-a-dozen singer-drummers make up a "drum." This one is a group of Reservation youths trained by an older man in their community.) The announcer describes A— as a noted dancer. Mrs. A—, her two children, and the announcer's young daughter (a promising dancer) slowly circle the center of the arena while the Young Grey Horses sing an honoring song. Mrs. A— carries a man's fancy dance bustle and her son carries a framed color photograph of A—. As the four begin a second circling of the arena, several girls wearing shawls (traditional women's finery for the Northern Plains reservation) go into the arena and follow the family. When the second circling is finished, the paraders retire and other women bring out the gifts, piled into quilts. B [291] [771]

2:45 The announcer asks visitors from other tribes to please stand so that gifts can be given to them. Two elderly men active in ceremonials and traditional affairs go about the arena distributing to individuals the blankets handed them by the women of the A— family. The men are instructed by these women who is to receive each gift.

2:50 The S— A— giveaway is completed.

II. Giveaway for a tribal councilman, W— B— (South Piegan, Blackfeet Reserva- B 769 796 431

[p. 19-A]

tion), deceased the preceding winter. This giveaway immediately follows the preceding. 769 796 431

2:50 p.m. Honoring dance for W— B— is announced over the loudspeaker. At this time, a man, two youths, and four little boys, one of them the son of S— A—, are powwow dancing to the Young Grey Horses drum.

2:55 The Rocky Boy's (Chippewa-Cree Reservation, Montana) drum is called by the announcer. No one appears, so the Young Grey Horses resume. The same dancers continue, joined by older men in costume with feather bonnets.

2:57 The women of W— B—'s family come into the arena and line up on folding chairs set along one side of the ring. The women wear expensive buckskin costumes: Mrs. B— is manager of the reservation crafts guild. A photograph of W— B— in full costume is displayed in front of the women.

3:00 The Young Grey Horses begin another song. The same dancers continue and are joined by more youngsters and by a Euro-American announcer from the regional television station.

3:04 The Rocky Boy drum replaces the Young Grey Horses. W— B—'s daughters, accompanied by another woman in costume and a woman in a rayon dress, sedately join in the dance, circling the arena once and then sitting down.

3:10 The White Swan (Yakima, Washington) drum takes over. The same dancers, again including the B— women, continue.

3:15 The announcer asks the White Swan drum for a short war dance song for the grandson of J— L—. The little boy is powwow dancing for the first time. He wears a scaled-down man's fancy dance costume, and, with his grandfather holding his hand, leads his family procession around the arena. The announcer states that the L— 852 796

[p.18-B]

family has given nine dollars to the White Swan drum (in honor of the child's first formal dancing). 796 852 431

3:20 A drum from the Blood (Blackfoot, Alberta) reserve. This dance honors R— R—, and is sponsored by his parents. An older man who frequently acts as herald in the South Piegan ceremonies (and whose younger relative is the powwow announcer) carries a large colored photograph of R— R— as he slowly circles the arena with the R— family. Only one elderly woman is in Indian costume, although most women wear dancing shawls. At the second circling, two girls in costume join them. 554 796 431

3:26 The herald stops in front of the announcer's booth, holds up the portrait of R— R—, and orates in Blackfoot. (Announcements are usually made in English and Blackfoot, jokes and comments in Blackfoot alone at the Blackfeet Reservation powwows. English is often used alone for announcements at the Canadian powwows we have attended.) [91]

3:29 Piles of blankets and bed linens are brought in, in quilts and large cartons, for the W— B— giveaway. The B— family, including Mrs. B— in a wheelchair and her adult grandson wearing the late B—'s impressive buckskin costume and feather bonnet, remain on the sideline while the distribution is supervised by another woman who directs women and girls carrying the goods to recipients. The announcer mentions that N— A— gets a Hudson's Bay blanket (which is expensive) and a pair of moccasins. The name of another recipient is called out, and someone responds that his daughter is present [to take his gift to him]. No other names are called aloud. 769 796 431

3:40 The Blood drum sings a slow war dance. The younger B— women join the dance. There are more dancers now than earlier in the afternoon.

3:50 It is announced that Mary G— gives five dollars to C— C— in honor of Mary's grandson who is dancing for the first time. 776 852 431

3:51 The herald leads the procession honoring W— B—. He carries B—'s photograph, and is followed by Mrs. B— in her wheelchair, pushed by her grandson and another man, and following these, three drummers. The party circles twice, then the White Swan drum begins to sing while the three drummers in the procession cease but continue in the procession. Every so often, Mrs. B— gives a high-pitched whoop. 776 769 431

3:55 The distribution of gifts continues.

4:00 The herald, holding up blankets, announces in Blackfoot, and the powwow master of ceremonies repeats in English, that the names of recipients are marked on the blankets. The master of ceremonies states that he will not call out these names, but the herald does so in Blackfoot. Some recipients are given cash (bills) or shawls rather than blankets.

4:07 An elderly South Piegan man holds up the bill he has been given and shouts out the praises of B— in Blackfoot.

4:28 The W— B— giveaway officially ends. The powwow announcer mentions B—'s grandson, who is considered to be embarked upon a promising career in the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and compares him to his grandfather, who served the tribe so long.

Postscript: Eleven days later, we interview Mrs. B— in her home. We were well acquainted when we lived on the Blackfeet Reservation during the 1950's. Mrs. B— apologizes for not having noticed us in the audience at the giveaway and insists that we take an inexpensive blanket in the room as our gift. Mrs. B— tells us that she and her daughters (there are no sons) spent several thousand dollars on [124] [123]

the gifts, which included a dozen Pendleton blankets and half-a-dozen Hudson's Bay blankets. She had kept a notebook list of persons who should receive gifts, particularly recording those friends and relatives who had come a distance to visit B— in his final illness. The grandson was to have been given B—'s Indian name as well as costume, but Mrs. B— forgot to arrange the name-giving ceremony and will have this at the next year's powwow. 796 769 431

III. Giveaway for Barbara Hoof (Blood Reserve, Alberta), chosen Miss Alberta Indian Princess; at Kainai (Blood) Indian Days annual powwow. 555 796 431

4:30 p.m. There has been dancing in the arena since 3:10, with Miss Hoof leading. "Now we're all ready for the special giveaway in honor of our Indian Princess. The family chose the Old Agency singers for this giveaway," declares the announcer. The Princess' grandmother, in full buckskin costume, and a man in full costume with feather bonnet go over to the Hoof family standing near the entrance to the arena.

4:35 The procession of the Princess and her family is led by the man in costume, who sings as he dances. After one circuit of the center of the arena, the Old Agency drum sings for the procession. The Hoof family looks happy and proud, the father triumphantly waving his hat from time to time as he dances.

4:45 The announcer, standing with his microphone next to the family in the arena, states that a horse will be given by L— T— to G— S— in honor of the Princess. The horse is at T—'s place, where S— should pick it up. It is announced that C— gives fifteen dollars in honor of the Princess: her father may give it to anyone he pleases. The family gives the Old Agency singers twenty-five dollars. Mrs. K— gives fifteen dol-

36: Dempsey H-4,5 (1952) 1956 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

535 548 At the Horns' sponsored dance at Christmas, 1952, it was noticed that four women chose to dance together as two couples within the recognized circle but in the opposite direction to the general group. Upon inquiry, it was learned that these women were *mat-sah-keets,* or prostitutes. Although their type of dancing had occurred at other gatherings in the past, informants were not sure if it was a Blood custom, or merely the painted ladies' method of flouting accepted Blood traditions.

535 177 796 [769] A modern innovation in the Owl Dance occurs at the annual summer Sun Dance ceremonies. On this religious occasion, Owl Dances are held almost every afternoon and evening within an enclosed circle. It has become the custom to turn some of the dances into dedication ceremonies for prominent members of the reserve who have died during the past year.

535 769 431 A son or close relative of the deceased stands before the crowd with a large framed picture of the honored person, while the announcer calls for donations to his memory. The donations, ranging from one to twenty dollars, are given to the announcer, together with information as to which visitor is to receive them.

The money, usually in one dollar bills, is pinned to the edge of the picture frame, until the photograph of the honored Blood is wreathed in money. When the collection has been completed, the Owl Dance begins with the holder of the picture dancing or walking at the head of the line.

When the dance has ended, the announcer removes the money and calls out the name of the visitor to receive it. At the Sun Dance of 1952, for example, more than forty dollars were given to Joe Crowfoot, grandson of the former head chief of the Blackfoot, within a few minutes. Most of this amount was made up of one and five dollar donations from individual Bloods.

535 177 178 Throughout their ceremonies, the Bloods are continually adapting their old beliefs and customs to the modern way of life, and the Owl Dance is typical of a ceremony which will likely withstand the onslaught of modern music and dancing. It stands as a prime example of the new and the old in the gradual assimilation of the plains Indian into modern society.

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

42: Kehoe A,G-4,5 (1953, 1956) 1960
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

doorway. It was never exactly in the middle of the east-west line, and in the one exception was closer to the west side than the east. This exception was Lodge 29, which, although erected by the Blackfoot with their four-pole construction, was occupied by visitors from the Umatilla Reservation, Oreg., who built their hearth apparently according to their own tradition: five unusually large rocks (0.6 to 1.1 feet in diameter) placed in a semicircle with the opening to the east, and the whole, as before noted, closest to the west side of the lodge. In this, as in the hearths of the other two Umatilla lodges, charred logs suggested that the visitors were not as thrifty of wood as their Blackfoot hosts, at whose fireplaces only small scraps of tinder could be discovered.

A peculiarity of the camp ground after the removal of the lodges was the evidence of their former location: rings of tall grass. Although the grass was much trampled for a couple of feet around both the interior and the exterior of the tipis, at the peg line itself it remained noticeably unbroken, except for the area of the doorway, in which it was badly worn down (pl. 60, *b*).

The tipi sites were carefully searched for both perishable and imperishable remains. Of the former, wood, papers, cloth, wooden tent pegs and skewers, eggshells, orange and lemon skins, a partially burnt, child's beaded moccasin and a woman's slipper were discovered; of the latter the campsite produced hearths (burnt earth, charcoal, charred wood, ash and fire-cracked or reddened rocks), burnt as well as unburnt bone fragments, pieces of glass and metal (principally food containers), corn kernels, fruit stones, a seed (probably sunflower), and a bead.

Examination of the 1956 Blackfoot encampment in conjunction with investigation of archeological tipi ring sites on the Blackfeet Reservation leads to the inevitable conclusion that the phenomena are truly homologous (pl. 59, *a*, *b*), resulting from the identical cause, the use of rocks as weights in anchoring tipis. The minor differences between the modern and the older sites are attributable to the innovations introduced into Indian life by today's civilization (e. g., stoves, metal tools, and food containers), or to the "ceremonial" aspects of the modern camp, in which several of the tipis were erected in memory of former, now deceased owners, or as showplaces, but not actually lived in, while none were intended to be more than temporary shelter during a 4-day holiday. Thus, study of the modern camp not only presents and indicates the trend for (refer to Mrs. Spanish's statement) an interesting survival of the tradition of using rocks as weights for tipis, now restricted to anchoring the inner lining; but it also illuminates the archeological tipi-ring sites, corroborating the testimonies

attend his funeral! These officials had placed a bronze plaque on Two Guns' headstone *proving* that Two Guns had loaned his likeness to the nickel! No, no one had actually *seen* the plaque, but the plaque was there! If I didn't believe it, I could go look for myself.

Even the lady who had verified Two Guns' relationship to the Chief believed that Two Guns had been on the nickel. She declared that there was indeed a bronze plaque on Two Guns' grave, and if I didn't believe it I had but to visit the old Catholic cemetery and become convinced. Two Guns was buried right by the north gate of the cemetery, and I would have no trouble in finding his resting place.

So on a very cold and extremely windy day I drove to the southwest fringe of Browning to do Two Guns the respect of at least visiting his burial place. My first discovery was that both gates of the cemetery (if they could be called gates) were on the east side, but this fact was hardly worthy of issue and I parked my station wagon close to the northernmost east gate and began a search for the plaque-bearing grave of John Two Guns.

A careful survey of all graves within perhaps thirty yards of the gate revealed no sign of a bronze plaque or of Two Guns' name but did serve to impress me with the singular character of this cemetery. The cemetery grounds were obviously unattended. Indians customarily lavish little attention upon burial places, believing that the spirit is still living and that the body, once laid to rest, is no longer important, and among the long grass and the profusion of wild prairie flowers was an intriguing variety of graves. Most cemeteries depress me, but this was a friendly cemetery despite the gray sky and the cutting wind and with real interest I examined the mounds and depressions which signified the individual burying places. Some were marked with granite head and foot stones, some had crosses of stone or wood or even of foam plastic, many had simply a metal identification holder (upon which almost invariably the name was no longer legible), and more than a few were crowned with an ordinary fieldstone upon which the name was or had been painted. "Billy," was all that one grave spoke.

Most of the plots, including the unmarked ones, of which there were several, were outlined with small stones, and although inscriptions such as "Asleep In Jesus" and "Christ Is My Hope" assured me that the graveyard was indeed a Christian one, I noted that grave decorations included everything from flowers, both real and artificial, to small bundles of medicine sticks.